52
Tavistock Square
London
W.C.1.
Tele. 2621 Museum

19.
June 23rd 1925

My Violet,

It was very nice to get one of your scraps – which, by the way, I'm going to publish, bound in white, after your demise.

Don't go on reading my works.
Give it up.

I see you're hopelessly stuck & it's only the dogged courage of your race that eggs you on.

One of these days I hope to see you again; & then we can discuss George, better than on paper.

Yours,
Yrs:

L's love.

ak instently, & your advice will be greatly prized. Some day
please show me all your letters, & let us put our heads together
& write a memoir
of our own times.

52 Tavistock Square,
London,
W.C.1.

Telephone: Museum 2621

At Brighton
you might begin.

Leonard sends his love & best
respects.

30th Nov.

Yrs
VW.

No answer required

My Violet,

It was charming to get a letter from you, in
your well known style – but I don't mean you to
bother – only to listen to my affectionate chatter.
I envy you going to Brighton. It is the most
beautiful town in the whole world. Its chief
blot is that once the Fisher family lived there — do
you remember Aunt Fisher? She was blown against a
motor car one day & annihilated. Herbert, on
the contrary is safely lodged at New College —
either one goes up in the world or down. The
ups seem always detestable – that's one comfort,
Keep butler, cat-lend to me. George for example,
what a loathsome type that is, & Lady Margaret,
you came I'm told, a highly religious. Do
you think, if we'd taken our opportunity &
gone to Dennshire House, we should have

married both? That's a question I often ask, sitting so shabby as we do, without a set of furs between us, & the family jewels up the spout. On Sunday I met an old friend of yours, the valiant Case. D'ye remember her? She had tea with you & me, wearing a hair of new red white kid gloves, you said, & spitting slightly, owing to the conformation of her jaw. All her teeth are out now: her hair is bobbed - She has Grave's disease (what I confuse with a Zebra of that name) & lives in the New Forest. The old age of Greek teachers tells me to the brim with admiration. Having £200 a year, she has built a Cottage, observes nature, has no walks laid on, reads Blake, never pines a moment, & comes up - for what d'ye think? to see Tchehov at Barnes. How if I die like that, I shall effect something like a general conflagration in the sky.

Then we lunched with Rene Hood yesterday, married to an admirable worthy good simple hearted man who runs - called Baker. Perhaps we shall go to Greece this spring. I have just finished a novel - all except copying out the last chapter. Shall you like it? Shall I write another book of essays? or a play? or a biography? or a philosophy? I want to do them

July 26-1926.

Monday.

52 Tavistock Square, London, w.c.1.

Telephone: Museum 2621.

My Violet

I ought to have written to you before, to thank you for your kind order. We have been in rather a rush, though, bringing out a book of Maynard Keynes'. Unless you order otherwise, you will go on getting these horrid little books from us at intervals. They are the only we print ourselves, & for some reason your name is down as a subscriber to them. But you're only to pay if you have had enough.

I am now printing a play by a Jewman Jewess. Happily we cannot read as one prints, or I should never go on with it. And yesterday I should have been seeing Vernon Lee- do you remember taking us to see her at Florence? She is now stone deaf, & talks a great deal, very very slowly

but otherwise is precisely the same – the same coat – skirt, shoes, rings, stockings. Instead of seeing her, we went to Wardie, & saw Thomas Hardy, who talked a great deal about Father, & the Lushingtons. He may well entwine us all. I never saw such a sprack lively old man, but nothing would induce him to talk about his books.

London is a frying pan – the summer, & thank the Lord, we leave tomorrow for two months at Rodmell. This is very exciting because we have just put in a bath & two w.c.'s, & have not yet seen it finished. Shall you be passing 2, Will you look in? I should like you to see the w.c.'s. I think I think return there next year, – worth innumerable books. NYD. Here this almost concludes, what with Lady Colefax (I hear Ozzie is motoring with her) & Lady Ottoline. Leonard went one there, with the result that the never stopped asking him.

Then is not what anyone could call a letter, but you must consider it better than nothing – this written in a chaos of books & things. How I wish you had ever taught me to be tidy! Nice of course I am; but not tidy. Write some time – you have lots gibbets bits & scraps about on which to write.

Yr Lp. Leonard sends his love. The whole family – Nessa, Clive, Children, Vehart together tomorrow.

to say, but I'm afraid you will be disgusted & bored & chucking things out of the window in a rage - so I'll stop. But for God's sake, get well immediately. & thank Kindly of your devoted & humble admirer, who always cherishes a secret passion for you, JP

52 Tavistock Sq.
W.C.1. Sunday
Nov. 22 1920

My Violet,

I hear a rumour, through Vita, that you are out of the House & back again in your own house. I hope it's true, because half the horrors of illness come when one has a book or a dog or a Cup of your own at hand. I've two dogs at the moment, & when I was so ambitious as to have Lady Colefax alone here, of course they disgraced me in every way. Little bits of cork from the bath mat came blowing into the drawing room. I think she'll be on her level. I don't mean only fur coats & pearl necklaces: I mean I can't rattle it off like a weathercock as she does. But if one were to talk down the area tomorrow (as is likely enough) who'd mind for Kinder?

Thank the Lord (if you wish to be grateful) that you're not a publisher. Instead of writing to you, I

should be reading about Sig manuscripts: all of them
not good & not bad; & at the end of each an author
white with anxiety, green with envy, to whom I must
concoct a letter. So you see one of the reasons for
taking up my pen this evening. We have been walking
round Regents Park in the rain. As we go we talk
rather stickedly (for an old married couple) about the
weather: the Zoo: the coal strike. But every word is in
French. This is our law, so that when we meet a
French man, we may have no shyness. It appears, however,
that we can only say the sort of things very dépt deceipt ons
people say. George has sent me a pheasent. I'm told
this is quite unknown, & should be hotly resented. Last
year he threw in a bunch of radishes & a hat full of
sprouts. It was great fun seeing Ozzie the other night—
Did he tell you? He seemed younger than ever, &
was said many things about you which would have made you,
woizened & shameless as you are, bury your face in the
pillow. A gigantic charwoman bore down on me
the other day at a concert; with bonnet, boots, & knubbly
red knuckles in cotton gloves all complete. Lady
Cromer. I like that way of dressing infinitely better than
the other - pearls & powder & no skirts - all the same.
Besides, one is the Venus of Milo, one may as well
pretend to be a char. I've lots of things

NYPL

52 Tavistock Sqre Feby 1927
WC1. Monday

My Violet.

Yes. Herbert seems to be married. When I last saw his bride she wore a white pinafore & was being sung hymns to by that clod hopping woman you used to admire, his sister, Dorothea. Some 30 years must be between them. Think of the marriage bed! Like marrying a lobster which has been boiled hard a week or so.

My last contact (not nuptial) with the fish was over the Dreadnought, when he fulminated against us, & said my reputation was dragged under the dust of

all the blue jackets in the Navy – to
which there was no reply on my part.
But enough of Herbert. How are
you? Oh your immensely long
legs again? I hope so – I
envy you convalescing at Brighton.
I think the height & pitch of life is
the Brighton pier listening to the
Band. Leonard & I regularly do so
every summer. Now I am
wondering whether to spend April
in America. I've been asked to do
& write articles. What do you advise?
I might make some money – on the
other hand they say the natives are
poisonous. In my articles I should have
to tell so many lies I should be Compt
for ever. Leard send his love. Please
decide instantly & make up your
mind to marry me. Yours
Virginia.